That talks for ever to the quiet sands.
Nor from my bodily sight are beauties held; —
The sky is open to me, — and the sun
That golden traveller o'er the patient heavens, —
And the sweet moon that is a bathing ever,
In the blue untroubled waters of the sky, —
And changing clouds, — and those perpetual stars,
The silvery watches from eternity.

— Romantic Devon.!

Receive me now a mental visitor,
Into thy green retreats. Young Memory
Shall be my mild attendant. Tis to her
Bend to that fairy of the soul, sweet Hope,
I owe the light of life. She first doth sketch
Features and favorite scenes, — and breathe dear tones
Into my charmed ears, — and hold a torch
That scares the night of time, — And blue-eyed Hope
Shews me a sunny distance, — lends me joys
Bright as the wild eyes of the nightingale,
And rapturous as her song.

And now I bend me to my favorite wood. —
Here is my gentle flower "forget me not."
As simple, and as fresh of hue, as ever.
How still and beautiful are all the trees! —
The leaves are strangely bright, — and through the branches
Thin golden threads are weaved by the Sun: —

Or is it that Apollo here hath wandered.
And left his rich lute, standing with chords of light,
'Mid the leaves in which he play'd, — Methinks, I hear
Sounds of his song divine — afar — afar —
Dying through Echo's shell. I do remember
Those who were with me when I last was here; —
(Peace be within the dear loved hearts of both)
We gather'd wild wood flowers, — blue as the vein
O'er Hero's eye-lid stealing — and some as white,
As the timorous hand of the divine Europa,
Lying amid the curls on Jupiters forehead.
When she was hurried o'er the startled waves;
Some purple too, such as in Enna's meadows,
Forsook their own green homes, and parent stalks, —
To kiss the fingers of Proserpina.
And some were small as Fairys eyes, and light
As lovers tears. We gather'd as we stray'd
These dewy stars of wood; — Ideally,
I gather them again — Hark! — Hear ye not! —
The streamlet in that dell is not at rest
'Tis telling its old tale to the drowsy wood
Once low adown the brambles wild, I broke
To trace this silly murmurer. How oft
In solitary hours the lonely sound
Of that obscure and melancholy stream
Comes blending with my thoughts. — Now upward winding
I rise above the trees, and look upon

a sea of wood - and on its billowing leaves
Rolling in solid sunshine, — and one field
Like a green island, pleasant, and at rest, —
Thou madcap Bird, — Thy sudden gush of song
Full under hollow boughs, hath startled me
Into a strange delight. Thou sing'st, and then
Spreadest thy wings, as though it were thy wish
To chace the giddy song: — Be ever here,
Free to the leaves — a Summers chorister!
There was a Cottage, — but I see it not —
Where, in a dreaming mood, I once had wished
To have dwelt for life; — but do I wish it now?
Our fanciful desires depart as fast
As they are framed: Some solid purpose comes
And all the fair hues of romantic wishes
Fleet like the sun-touched snow. Old wood farewell! —
I'll bless thee when my feet again return
Into thy peaceful grasp.

— Here, on a hill, I stretch
My form along in boyish happiness! —
Here is the style on which with Friends I sat
In the sunny Noon: — and there the wandering Bee
With its lilac flowers. — and lo! beneath me lies
The huge majestic Sea, — I hear it not
But I can see it curling to the shore
And whitening on the yellow beach, The Sun —
The only eye worthy to watch the Sea! —
To shedding diamonds to enrich the waves

That side to catch them. All my Being seems
To swell with overwrought feelings, and to shake
With thronging thoughts, — and to be well nigh sick
With vain surmises, and deep yearnings that
I might associate with the Enormous Sun
& be a stern companion to the Sea!

Immendous thoughts came over me, when we gaze
With all the mind weighing upon the eyes
At the grand Sun and Sea. A wearing pain
Clings drearily to the heart. A consciousness
Of mortal poverty, — of heavy helplessness, —
Haunts all the aching Soul, The full calm
Is some romantic Dream which hides the Earth
Some momentary, and most strange Suspicion
Of an ideal vastness, — or the voice
Of that intense, rare Hope, which ne'r betrays.
The ocean old hath my deep reverence.
And I could watch it ever, When it sleeps,
And its hushed waves but throb at intervals
Like some fair infants breast in soft repose
'Tis strangely sweet to gaze: — & when it starts
At the voice of the torturing wind, & like mad age
Tosses its white hair wildly to & fro! —
'Tis stern delight to watch it, But I love
To see it gently flinging o'er love rocks
Lifting the idle sea-weed carelessly
Like Fairies in playful moments dallying

With the graceful curls that hang on Hebe's brow
Or hear it in some dreary cavern, muttering
A solitary story of old days.
The gentle memory of many things
Is hovering o'er my brain, — of breathing eves,
When the curled Moon was up, & the evening Star
Was quietly sleeping in its own blue world.
With unclosed Eye; — of happy nights that found me
Listening to gentle Imogene, — or seeing
Young Juliet gaze at the sweet & blossomed fruit-tree
In all the dream of passion. Oh! might I live
For ever near the Sea, the field, the wood, —
To see the days go by on golden wings
Watch the lone Morn that sleeps in balmy light
And kiss the quick breath from Evening's lips.
But now my fancies do in part subside
And set realities come o'er me; Now,
The visionary joys have fleeted from me
And left me lonely in the populous City.
The Mind hath, like the Sea, its swells & sinkings
Its turbulence, — its trembling & its sleep —
Swayed by the very temper of the Elements
No bird sings now its rash enchanting lay

To my startled ear,— No green & careless wave
Vexeth the indolent pebble on the beach;—
No solitary bee, rocks the wild flower,
Or springs into the air with sudden humming
No rustling of sweet leaves is heard,— Nor song
Framed by the moist lips of the Pilgrim brook.—
All these are quiet now,— or only heard
Like mellowed murmurings of the distant Sea.

J. H. R.

July 1817

Stanzas.

Suggested by one of the Idylls of Bion.

"Τζιοον λιος οσις ακμει — "

Greek Auth.

The summer Eve was clear and mild —
Lay upon the green-grass sleeping —
Bright Venus brought her rosy child,
To fan'd for winning and for weeping.

2

"Take my boy, minstrel! — take him now —
"To sing like thee his soul inspire; —
"And he shall throw aside his bow,
"To learn of thy melodious lyre.

3

Took the boy — Thus folly — madness —
I caught my lyre with eager pleasure
And wakened every tone of sadness.
And call'd to life each mirthful measure.

4

He heard me not — but look'd so sweet
And sang me such a tender lay — i —
My hand — the chord — forgot to meet
My tones of Music died away.)

5.

I ceas'd to touch him — ceased to sing —
My lips, as charm'd, forgot to move; —
My fingers slept upon the string, —
I left the lyre — to learn of Love!

K

"Touch not that Harp."

1

Touch not that harp + I dread its sound again.
My soul is sad + it feels the lonely strain:
The notes find echo in my aching breast,
And thoughts arise which I would fain have rest.

2

Oh! let that hand no more be wandering,
Or call a lighter music from the string
I cannot bear that touch so wild and lone,
Nor keep my heart from breaking to the tone!

3

Thoughts of past days within my mind arise,
And memory calls her shades before my eyes;+
Then wonder not that I entreat thee now
To change the air, and calm my throbbing brow.

4

I may not gaze upon thee; that soft glance,
Which throws such lightness o'er thy brow's expanse,
Lulls my enamoured Fancy to her dreams
Of eyes, whose brightness now no longer beams

R

Stanzas

1

The morn is breaking – yonder light
So blue – so pale – upon the sky
Is signal to the mournful night,
To bend her gloomy steps from high: –
The small birds from the thicket fly, –
And scatter from their wings the dew;
The ripe corn woo's the early sigh,
And lovers now must breathe – Adieu.

2

High mounts the wave – Fair beams the flower
And lightly glows the breaking day;
There is a freshness in the hour,
That bids the faintest heart be gay: –
Yet from this bosom bursts away
A sigh, 'Till now it never knew; –
Just because the morning ray
Beams bright – and lovers breathe – Adieu.

K

To ___ _____ _____

1

One tear to thee, my Love!
One tear for all that's fled
When my dark heart shall prove
Silent and dead:
Revelling suits it now,
Mirth numbs its wretchedness;—
But on the altered brow,
Grief is not less.

2.

Thine eye's wild light is set,
Thy heart's young love's at rest
But they, unfading yet,
Live in this breast:—
Moon-beams of memory,
There shall they softly shine;—
Till this sad heart shall be
Peaceful as thine.

R

Song.

Fair one take this Rose, and wreath it
In thy braided hair;
A brighter bloom will rest beneath it,
Take this Rose my fair!
The flower which late was seen to glow
So lovely on thy snowy brow;—
Loved thy lips and lightly shed
A dewy leaf of rosy red,
To blush for ever there.

2

Take the Lily, love! and twine it
With thy glossy hair;
'Twill gem the ringlets:— why decline it?
Take the Lily fair!
And yet its leaflets pure and pale,
In whiteness on that brow will fail;—
That brow attracts all eyes to thee,
And none will chuse or chance to see,
The Lily fading there.

K

Lines

Written in a Lady's Albeum

1

Yes I shall live the breath of Fame
Will not be lost to me and mine;—
Since, Lady, I may write my name,
Upon this spotless leaf of thine

2

The eager hands of future ages,
Will catch the Volume left by thee
And those who dwell within its pages
Will gain an immortality!

R

Stanzas.

1

Where is now the heart that beat
close to mine, — when life was sweet? —
Is its pulse for ever still'd?
Is its living current chill'd,
And mingled with the unfeeling Earth, —
As though it ne'er had mortal birth? —

2

Where's the lip which mine hath press'd? —
Where's the hand I've oft caress'd? —
Is the first with cold Earth blended? —
Is the last all pale extended? —
Both are in the tomb laid lowly, —
Wan — and still — and withering slowly.

3

Where's the voice that o'er me stole,
Like evenings air, and lull'd my Soul? —
Where's the look that spoke of Heaven,
In which the gentle heart was given? The

The first is mute — the last is fled —
And silence tells me of the Dead.

4

Oh! There is nothing now of life, —
I alone endure the strife; —
The heart I wildly love doth lie
Coldly now, — and silently. —
Down my hopes, — for down ye must: —
Death! thou'rt deck'd with Beauty's dust!

5

Yet what to thee is loveliness, —
But the Spirits Earthly dress; —
The blushing Cheek, and matchless form,
To thee are food but for the worm.
Thou shouldst strike hearts of age and care, —
And leave the youthful and the fair.

6

So thee hath fallen my Hope! — She fell
While yet the world became her well, —
While yet her heart was softly gay; —
For trouble had not touch'd her day
And yet to thought, tis some relief, —
That she hath pass'd unhurt by grief.

7

Calmly She pass'd to her repose —
Her life was lovely to its close; —
She kiss'd me with a tearful eye,
And whisper'd hope, though none was nigh; —
She bless'd me with her latest breath, —
And faded, like a dream, — to death!

8

There is a Spot — to none 'tis known —
Where the wild grass and broken stone,
And hillocks rude are mouldering round; —
'Tis Death's forsaken, silent ground!
That lonely home where breathless clay
Is left, unheeded, to decay. —

9

And there She sleeps, — for ever sleeps; —
(My eye all desolately weeps)
Of late no form, save mine, hath bent
Above her humble monument; —
And on its front, — not yet defaced, —
His hand, her name and mine, hath traced.

10

And oft, through evenings chilly air,
I seek the tomb, and linger there;
I linger there and dream — and weep
O'er her whose life is soothed to sleep; —
And oft I quietly repeat
The love, she deem'd so passing sweet.

11

The crowd go by, — and ponder not,
Whose relics near them rest or rot;
Nor deem they when themselves perchance,
May share in that Eternal trance; —
Nor think how soon their forms shall rest
Forgot by those, their presence blest'd.

12.

But let the Crowd forget, depart, —
And leave to me the ruined heart; —
I do not crave the crowd to steep
Their eyes in sorrow; — I can weep!
Let the world ring with revelry, —
So loneliness be left to me.

13.

Yet I can feign a careless breast,
And laugh and revel with the best; +
But when retired, + distress'd, - and weary, -
Such pastime makes me doubly dreary; -
And I who seemed the gayest then, -
Sink back to bitterness again.

14

I know my self an outcast now, -
All feelings broken, - Hope struck low, +
Rush to greet - yet fain would fly, -
The unfeeling world's Society; -
The many marvel at my tone -
They know not how I feel alone!

K

10

And oft, through evenings chilly air,
Seek the tomb, and linger there;
Slinger there—and dream — and weep
O'er her whose life is soothed to sleep;—
And oft I quietly repeat
The love, she deem'd so passing sweet.

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The unfeeling world's Society; —
The Many marvel at my tone —
They know not how I feel alone!

R

To ____ ____

1

Thou art not lost!— Thy spirit goeth
Immortal pence, — On high it liveth:
Thou art not mute! — with angels blending
Thy voice is still to me descending!

2.

Thou art not absent! — sweetly smiling
I see thee yet, — my griefs beguiling:
Soft o'er my slumbers art thou beaming,
The sunny spirit of my dreaming!

3

And when the morn is gately breaking
Thy fair form woos me on my waking,
Its light my soul is sadly drinking, —
It lulls the pain of lonely thinking

4

Thou art not changed! thy cheek unfaded
Blushes, — by raven tresses shaded; —
Thou art not lost! — so fancy talketh, —
Thy spirit in its beauty walketh

5.

It glides all beautifully by me,—
And gently smiles ere it will fly me;
The blush its dimpling cheek discloses,
Is like the hue of youthful roses.

6.

Thine eye-lids seem not yet concealing
In death, their orbs of matchless feeling;
This loving charms my heart still numbers,—
Ah! sure they do but veil thy slumbers

7

A lustre o'er thy brow,—delaying
Like Evening's silvery light,—is playing:
I see thee now—thy dark locks dancing—
come,—like the Soul of Song advancing.

8

As kind thou art,—for still thou'rt meeting
This breast, that gives thee tender greeting;—
And shall I deem thee alter'd?—never:
Thou 'rt with me waking—slumbering—ever!—

E

"Reproach me not"

Oh! Gentle Shade — Reproach me not.
For hours of mirth too late gone by;
Thy loveliness is ne'er forgot
How ever wild the revelry —
For o'er the silent goblet thou
Art still remember'd — and a cloud
Comes o'er my heart, and o'er my brow —
And Pain lone, while all are loud.

2

Reproach me not — Reproach me not —
For mingling in the noisy scene; —
Mine is indeed a gloomy lot
To think on joys which but have been, —
To meditate on woes, which yet
Must haunt my life and speed my fall; —
Some minds would struggle to forget, —
But mine would pain remember all.

3

I think on thee — I think and sigh
Though thoughts are sad, and sighs are vain; —
There's something in thy memory,
That gives a loveliness to pain: —
But yet, ah! gentle shade forgive
The faults this wretched breast hath known; —
Had fate allow'd thee but to live,
Those saddening faults had never been shown.

4

Thy friends are fading from my sight,
But from my mind they ne'er depart; —
They leave behind them in their flight,
Their images upon my heart: —
And better 'twere that all should go
From this dark world; — since thou art gone: —
I need no friend to share my woe —
Alone to weep apart — alone.

Thy

5.

Thy picture! It is life-health - love
To gaze upon that eye - that cheek -
Those lips which even in fancy move -
Which Fancy teaches even to speak
Oh! Shame hung so long at night.
O'er thy still semblance, charm'd from pain,
That Shame thought the loving light
Came beaming from those Eyes again!

6.

At my dark heart thine image glows,
In life and light divinely fair
Youth sketch'd the form, when free from woes,
And faithful memory plac'd it there:
In revelry 'tis still with me,
In loveliness 'tis ne'er forgot
My heart beats still the same to thee: —
Reproach me not - Reproach me not!

R

The Purple Beach

Oh! come - Beneath this beechen shade,
Repose with me my dark-eyed maid,
And let thy brow in calmness rest-
Upon the Home of Hope, my breast-
Fondly I'll gaze on charms I prize -
The speaking lip, the sparkling eyes -
The cheek's young rose - the bosom's grace-
And all the eloquence of face.
Oh! come my love - Recline with me,
Beneath this purple - peaceful tree.

Remembrance, Love! shall wander o'er,
The woes we felt - but feel no more;
And from thine Eyes my gentle Dear!
I'll kiss away the trembling tear.
We'll trace the joy, that once were ours,-

The bosom's never-dying flowers, —
By fondness nurst, by beauty blest —
The very heartsease of the breast.
Let feeling's soul — and Fancy's Eye,
Catch them again in phantasy; —
And rich will be our airy treasures
If they resemble long-lost pleasures.

Oh! my beloved! let thy lip —
So honey-sweet that bees might sip, —
Breath me the song — the dulcet song, —
My soul hath thirsted for so long.
And I may still forget, my Dear!
That hours of doubt, and days of fear,
Are flown since last I heard from thee
That wild and witching Melody.

Here we may linger lovely one!
Till in the west, the setting sun
looks from his bower of heavenly roses.
To kiss the flowers ere evening closes;—
Till his last beams a radiance fling,
aslant upon the wild-bee's wing,
That hurries homeward murmuring;—
Till gold rays tint the summer air,—
And play upon the wavy hair,
That o'er thy bosom floats so fair.
The branches of this purple tree,
Shall spread to shade and honor thee;
Each leaf will bear a deeper flush,—
Caught from the west sky's lingering blush;
Which on the face of Heaven reposes,
Like thy own cheeks delightful roses!

The Grass is sweet beneath the sun,

And fresh as when the day begun; —
Light, lovely breezes gently move it
And clustering Cowslips wave above it
How fair the scene! above — around: —
The velvet verdure of the ground —
Birds flitting as the branches stir —
The hives beneath the spreading fir —
And circling Trees which long have stood,
The shelter of our solitude.

Then come my Love! my dark eyed Maid!
Recline beneath this beechen shade.

R. ———

To Ella

Well — If indeed that sigh bethine,
And if thy heart so well can feel; —
Come to this faithful breast of mine,
And let me all its sorrows heal.
And bring the lute, — and let thy touch,
Awake its sweetest melody; —
Oh! Lady couldst thou know how much,
How the notes that start from thee;
Thou wouldst not now withhold the strain,
That chases every fear away; —
That deadens all the bosom's pain,
Yet never lures it to be gay.
How I should hate the tone, that taught
The breast to smile, its gloom forsaking; —
That won the bosom from its thought,
To brighten while the heart was breaking.
No — no — and most — Oh! most from thee,
I look to have a pensive air; —

The guileless passion felt for me,
Hath given thee many an hour of care:—
I know that thou hast suffer'd long,
And deeply for thy faithfulness;—
Then let a sadness tinge thy song;
Oh! give to truth a tenderness.
Recline thy brow upon my breast,
Thus arms shall press thee to a heart
That never feels itself at rest;

Without thee, so belov'd thou art.
Let the world hate — upbraid — deceive —
There is an arm, to guard from ill;—
Abreast thy sorrows to recieve —
A heart, that will be faithful still.
Ah! who could gaze upon thy face,
With spirit and affection dull;—
Nor love its melancholy grace,
By feeling made more beautiful:—
Who gaze upon thy soft black eye,
That beams so bashful yet so bright;—

Nor o'er its silent witchery —

Nor love its tender, trembling light.

Sgrieve to see thee weep, and yet

So lovely art thou in distress; —

If I could all thy pangs forget,

I scarce should wish thy weeping less.

Have those betray'd, who should have nurst

With anxious care thy spotless fame?

Oh! woman's lip is ever first,

To breathe a mist o'er woman's name.

Yet tremble not; — nomore repine —

Chase from thy cheek that falling tear; —

For I am purely — wholly thine; —

And thou — Oh! more than life — art dear.

Then bring the lute, and let its chords,

Thrill to thy finger's airy touch;

And I will breath thee tender words —

And let, oh let thy notes be such.

R C

Hoc erat in votis.

1

I have no wish for splendid hours,
No life of luxury and ease; —
Give me a cot fringed round with flowers
And fenced with trees: —

2

The music of a cheerful brook,
O'er which the slender willows bend; —
A quiet heart — a favourite book
And a kind friend: —

3

A silent life — a gentle death —
A grave in some romantic spot —
Where flowers might tremble to the breath
That broke them not.

R

To James Rice on his birth-day

Beloved Rice! — the day is here
That gave thy generous bosom birth;
Tome indeed 'tis deeply dear
Though welcomed not with boisterous mirth
My hearts first wishes I would send
My hearts young hope I fain would frame;
Oh think me not that seeming Friend
That smiles beneath a withered name
Let others vow — with faithless lips
Kindness, which probed, proves but a dream
Let others in ~~their~~ words outstrip
My — silent feelings of Esteem, —
May friends keep firm and health improve,
And pleasure make it bliss to live,
Doubt not these guileless lines of love
Since they are all I have to give

18 August 1815.

R

"Alas.! and are those eyes in Tears"

1

Alas.! and are those eyes in tears.
For what my lips hath said;—
And can the thoughts of early years,
Such fearful sorrow shed:—
Oh.! free from weeping let them shine—
Their milder light regain;—
Never shall word or look of mine
Call forth their tears again..

2

And I had hoped that this dark breast
Liv'd o'er the past alone;—
Nor dream'd that thou hadst lost thy rest,
With years—for ever flown:—
Yet since the thought o'er which I brood,
Within thy soul awakes;
My heart shall in its wildest mood,
Be silent though it breaks

R.

To _____

1

Well – let us part – while part we may –
And while 'tis guiltless to repine;
I wish not Lady, to betray
That gentle, generous soul of thine.

2

Yes, let us part, – Be thou again
As quick to feel, as free to rove; –
To wish – To wait – To hope were vain,
We may not meet – we must not love

3

Thine Eyes have told me all that dwelt,
Of Seraph-sweetness in thy heart.
Thine eyes have seen that I have felt –
We both have felt – we both must part.

When e'er we part, the tear must flow.
But hours so fearful, soon are o'er;—
And better 'tis to sever now.
Than linger long and dread it more

5

I'll struggle to avoid thine eyes:—
To gaze — to meet their light — to trace
Expression, as it trembling flies
Through the long lashes, o'er thy face:—

6

Were but to linger on the charms,
Which cannot — must not e'er be mine;—
No more, reclining on these arms,
Thy soft black eyes on mine may shine.

7

Remember,— we divide in time,
While yet we both are innocent;
Delay might lead us into crime
And leave thy bosom to repent

Oh! Twas a worthless act in me
For which whole years can ne'er atone;—
To snare a breast that once was free,
And leave it lonely as my own.

9

Twill cost me many a bitter tear,
The thought of having marr'd thy rest;—
That heart of thine is far too dear,
To throb within a joyless breast.

10

Yet— thou may'st seek the world once more,
To smile — attract — adorn — delight:—
Thine eyes, — when thoughts of me are o'er, —
May beam again as softly bright.

11

Oblivion shuns my troubled breast;
Which fears alarm, and passions force;—
Thy hours may yet partake of rest,—
Mine must be blackened with remorse

12

Though few my years — yet griefs I've stood —
That might have tamed a soul more proud; —
That make me dark in solitude —
And gay and careless in the crowd.

13

Forgive me every pang I've given, —
Cease to repine — Be happy yet; —
Forgive, — Forget me! — would Oh! Heaven,
That I could all, in time, forget.

14

No more; — Towail — to weep were vain; —
Lady adieu! — Adieu for ever! —
We met in bliss — we part in pain —
To meet again — Oh! never — never

K

The sun is gone down to the western sea,
The breeze of the Evening is softly free,—
Oh! my wild-bark bears it gallantly
On her fresh and watery way;—
By Heaven it is a sight to gaze
At each golden-crested wave that plays
In the lovely light of the lingering rays
And to watch the starry spray:—
The streamer is trembling—The breeze is high—
And many a headland is darted by,—
And many an islet gay:—
Ere the moon shall walk in the silent sky,
Ere the stars come forth—or the night-birds fly—
Or the Deer couch down in the wood to rest
Or the Swan repose on the billow's breast
I shall welcome my shore, and my bark shall lay
Her weary side in her native bay.

R

Lines

Written under a picture of Mrs Tighe prefixed to her "Psyche" in my possession

---

The hand is still — The strings are mute —
No airy fingers o'er them stray; —
But though 'tis now a silent lute,
Its Echoes have not died away: —
When last its melody awoke, —
Charm'd by a lovely minstrel's art; —
The trembling chords all faithless broke,
But left their music in the heart.

R

Stanzas.

1

Oh take away those weeping eyes,
They look too lovely + plead too well —
I may not linger: — look — the skies
Are warning me to breathe farewell

2

I dare not trust myself with thee,
Thy bosom is too kind and fair; —
I would not have thee, lady, see
An hour that's darken'd with despair.

3

Oh! turn aside that snowy brow,
Nor let it on my arm repose;
I dare not meet that dark eye now
Nor chase away the tear that flows.

4

That hand so dearly clasped in mine —
That seeks no other hand to press; —
Must now its close caress resign
And every touch of tenderness

The breaking light compels me now
To fly:— Alas! the envious skies,—
Then turn aside that snowy brow,—
Oh! take away those weeping eyes

K

Psalm-singing is the noblest of all music. It is indeed sublime to think, that chained as our bodies are to this deaf earth, the voice of thanksgiving may still be wafted from the creature to the Creator. It would be desolating to believe that all the holy music of organ, and of harp, of dulcimer and of psaltery, and of that more dignified instrument the human voice, inspired by an intellect that knows the worth of worship. It would be horrible to imagine that all the sounds that ever rose into the air from the beginning of time, have died away in the unconscious abysses of space unheard, unnoticed, unrecorded. Far from us be such unhallowed misgivings. I would rather deem that even the voice of unintelligential matter is not altogether so objectless as we are apt to decide; & that the perpetual music of the winds & running waters with the deep bass of the never silent sea, are but the Hallelujahs sung by the adoring earth as it rolls along before the footstool of its Creator.

Boanbletye Hous

A Matin Song

1

Lady arise! The morning dawns,
The stags are browsing on the lawns;
The sun is in the East advancing
His beams are on thy lattice glancing
The white mist over the mountain flies
The coy leaves in air are dancing
Lady arise!

2.

Lady! thy lover waits below,
Watching in the suns first glow;
Ray after Ray is fast appearing
Flowers their spotted heads are rearing;—
The dew drops kiss'd by western sighs,
Are from the grass their bright forms clearing
Lady arise!

3.

Ope' thy lattice — The woodbine wreath
Is scented with the morning breath;
Around thy bower the birds are playing.
No more is heard the watch dog baying.
The day awaits thy lightsome eyes; —
Oh! come — thy love beneath is staying

Lady arise!

R

Song

1

Larks have their little wings unfurled;—
They tremble in the sky;—
And pour upon a silent world,
Their thrilling melody.
The linnet plays within the brake,
And flits from spray to spray;—
And in the East those rays awake,
That light the steps of Day.

2

Come, Jessy! come,—the world is sleeping,
It is a fresh little morn
And Phobus through the branches peeping
Smiles o'er the dewy corn.
Come with that rosy cheek of thine,
Which now resembles heaven;—
And let it meet the perfumed air
O'er nodding Cowslips driven.

Stanzas

1

Though sorrow tinged my early hours,
And o'er my bosom pour'd her tears;—
They have but watered memory's flowers
And left them green through faded years.

2

Though dark the nights which late were past,—
When not a ray my fancy found:—
The moon of time hath risin at last,
And shed her softening light around.

3

So mellow'd is my early grief,—
So spangless now are youthful fears;—
That thought need scarcely seek relief
And sorrow lives without her tears.

R

Stanzas

1

This is indeed a world of tears,
And those who live, — must live to weep; —
Although my breast hath lost its fears,
There lingers Sorrow, sad and deep.

2.

Though time o'er me hath shortly sped
Upon his ever-waving wing;
Enough of sadness he hath shed,
To stir my heart to murmuring.

3

What years may bring, 'tis vain to guess; —
They cannot faded hope restore —
They cannot soothe the loneliness,
Which will not fly my bosom more.

4.

'Tis well my brow can quickly wear
The mirth that is not felt at heart
That it can feign a sportive air,
Nor once betray the bosoms smart

5.

Few can that naked heart discern,
Nor trace its sadness through the smile;—
Some not those who seek to learn,
The truth that lies beneath the while

6.

Oh revel suits an aching breast,
For then a madness seems but mirth;—
And yet how dark the hour of rest,
Which finds the form, but lifeless Earth.

7.

Then come those shadows o'er the soul,
Of baffled joy, and passion past,
Which will not bear the mind's control,—
Nor aught of hope, that mirth hath cast.

8.

On me, the world, as if from hate,
Hath lavish'd in a few short years;—
A withered Hope — A shattered Fate: —
This is indeed a world of Tears!

R.

Song

1

Thy lip's softest murmur is music to me
Oh sweet as the breath of the yellow hair'd maids
That float in the moonlight on waves of the sea
And sing to the evening their soft serenades

2

Thine eye, like the wild-deer's is brightly it gleams
Wins the warm-hearted Stranger to gaze & admire,—
Oh! It glances with wandering and beautiful beams,
And revels in light, like a spirit of fire.

3

How lovely! How soft! Fall thy dark streaming hair,—
It flows like a wave o'er the snow of thy breast;—
And the hue of thy cheek is as bright and as fair,
As the last ray of evening that melts in the west.

And

And light as the Zephyr thy sylph-glancing form-
4
It gracefully plays as the bloom of the Trees;
'Tis like one of those Elves, when the Spring nights
That dance on the Dewdrops and laugh with the bree
Warm,

R.

To _____

1

Lady! o'er thee I'll place this wreath,—
Above thy peaceful Tomb to wave;—
And meet it is, the flowers should breathe
Their latest sweetness o'er thy grave.

2

It will seem to Fancy's dreaming eye,
As o'er the wreath the lingering sighs,—
That once again thy beauties die,—
That once again thy dear breath flies

3.

When the day's sunny lights decline,
And the breeze wanders fresh and free;—
Then shall the drooping Eglantine,
Resign the breath it stole from thee.

4

Then shall the Rose its blushes lose,
As o'er it sighs the passing gale;
And, faithful to the changing hues
That haunt thy cheek, be purely pale

5

The lily too shall fade away,
And on thy grave its breath resign
But still its mournful hue shall stay,
As loving to resemble thine.

6

And to the last this breathless wreath
Shall to the heart, which mutings dull,
Remind of thee, entombed beneath
Since e'en though faded, beautiful!

R

To _____ . _____

1

My Eye in silent rapture praisd
Although my tongue refusd to speak
Dear Girl! Forgive me that I gazed
Too rudely on thy modest cheek

2

Forgive me that I fixd my glance
Too long upon thy bright black eye;—
But there a spirit seemd to dance—
There feeling lovd in light to lie.

3

To thee, Alas! my look might seem
Too keenly bold too fondly cast,—
But Oh! my heart was in a dream
Of days and hopes, for ever past.

The soft dark Eye – The open brow,
Where Innocence had fix'd her throne, –
The placid cheek's delightful glow, –
The lips that like a rose-leaf shone; –

5

The clustering hair that richly play'd
Over a forehead, mildly bright; –
That threw so delicate a shade,
It scarcely seemed to chase the light; –

6.

The gentle music of a tongue,
That won, with sound each charmed soul; –
These, these the heart of memory wrung, –
These had the magic of control.

7.

I wander'd back to brighter hours
And mus'd on one resembling thee; –
To moments fled like summer flowers
When eyes were tearless, – hopes were free.

I gazed on thee, and thought on one,
Who was so like thee in her mirth,—
That life, it might be deem'd, had won
Her spirit to return to Earth.

9

I gazed on her, in watching thee,—
I heard her voice once more, in thine,—
Her beauty beam'd again on me,
When thy dark Eyes encounter'd mine

10

There was no feature of thy face,
But memory knew its beauty well;—
There was no wild or simple grace
Of form, but charm'd me as a spell.

11

I felt thy presence— feel it now,—
My ruffled passions deeply thrill;—
It was not in thy thoughts, that Thou
Hadst touch'd a chord that long was still

Stanzas.

When the days of the Summer were brightening
And the Evenings were balmy and cool;
And the silvery lilies were whitening,
Like stars o'er the tremulous pool
We wandered together beguiling
With sweet song the listening hours
And the waves with their stillness & smiling
Seemd conscious what feelings were ours.

We walked when the west sky was yellowing
And golden hues crept o'er the ground
And still would our voices keep mellowing
As softer the airs sighed around,
Love's cheek in the heaven was blushing
Love fragrantly sighed on the wind
Oh! all that was tender, and hushing
Came round us to make two hearts kind.

1817 J H R

3

Composed on an unexpected Snowy Morning.

Last night, – Ere to my couch, wearied, I crept;–
I strayed from my lone room, – and took my fill
Of gazing at the moon-illumined hill, –
Which, in a placid radiance, pleasantly slept. –
And now I gaze on it again, – and still
It seems that lilly-lustre to have kept: –
How doth it chance to be the mornings will,
To leave such gentle brightness yet unswept? –
Away, young Fancy! – 'Tis not the moon's light
That lingers there; – But Heaven hath blandly shed
A hue as soft as that so lately fled; –
The Hill is yet as beautifully white: –
Yes – Heaven hath thrown, to meet the morning bright
A snowy veil around its silent head.

K.

4

Composed at Hampstead.

Now an April Evening! Now the Shower
The momentary Shower, like Infants grief,
Lonelily falls. To brighten up the leaf,
To scatter pearls on grass and peeping flower,
For the Suns beam to play in. The fine clouds
Pass full and shadowy o'er the blue, bright sky,
Like to the Vessel's wind-enamoured Shrouds,
Which o'er the Sea majestically fly.
The breeze plays mildly now, and — hark! 'Tis high
And with a howl swells o'er my head: — But now,
Again it softens like a lover's sigh, —
And with a pleasant freshness woos my brow.
And now the clouds, an instant, break apart,
And Sunny is the Earth — And Sunny is my heart

K.

9

Written in a Sister's Album.

Yes! I have had my troubles — Tho this heart
Is of no cold unfeeling substance wrought;
I have my hour of tears, — and know the smart
Of broken zeal — and irritated thought
And wild reflections — and the acts of art —
And of sad feelings from seclusion caught.
But as the silent wanderer of the waste
The light of Hesperus with joy descries, —
That beauteous mistress of the evening skies! —
So hath my aching heart still one star traced: —
Tho' though around me all is dark and chill
One placid light beams beautiful to me; —
If sunk in sorrow — or oppress'd with ill —
Pure Sisterly affection makes me free.

R.

13.

Through these still woods, an Infant Stray'd,—
A glowing child of matchless grace!
Mid trembling leaves the sun-beams play'd,
And lightly sparkled o'er his face.
His Eyes, the lustres of his brow,
So brightly shot, or softly beam'd
O'er his complexion,— that they seem'd
But star-light o'er a world of snow.
His cheeks fine golden hair was shading,
Which idly little hands were braiding,—
His cheeks were blushing to the breeze,
Like roses under autumn-trees:—
He seem'd in very carelessness to rove,—
And oft with flowers he linger'd:— Was it Love?

K

18.

To Greece

The Sun that lights thy Shore, doth ever rise
Divinely o'er the mountain's bosom brown; —
And walk as nobly o'er the cloudless skies,
As though his spirit never had gone down;
The flowers that sparkle o'er the Heroes' graves
Come forth as lovely in the Spring; — The trees
Put out their leaves as freshly in the breeze, —
And yellow corn each Summer, sweetly waves —
Beloved Greece! O when will thou regain
The beauty of thy early Liberty)
When shall the hearts and eyes of mortals see
The splendour of thy spirit break again!
Nature doth ever teach thee to be free; —
Greece! Let her lesson not be read in vain.

K

19

To the same.

Greece! Let thy spirit cast aside its weight,
And leap again to Life; — Crouch not thus tame
Beneath a tyranny of Turkish hate, —
Redeem the glory of thy ancient fame
By one great act, — Oh let not slavery's shame
Blacken the Hero's race. Start and be free, —
Welcome the sunny light of Liberty,
And warm thy heart in it! The hand of Shame
Points at thy ruined Temples. Are there none
Who dare revive thy spirit; — Oh! for power
To bid a thousand broken hearts be one!
That thou might'st yet live o'er an ancient hour.
Alas! How shatter'd every breathing bust; —
O Thrasybulus — why art thou but dust!

K.

20

To the Same

In vain — in vain ~~there~~ is a mateless clime;—
For where is now ~~the~~ race to honor it
Where is the soul that dares ~~to be~~ sublime
Ah! why hath ~~Hadrian~~ lived — or Homer writ?
The deeds of God like men are felt no more!—
The magic charm of song hath ~~has~~'d away!
Now lips break silence only to deplore,—
And eyes that waken to the light of day,
Welcome it but with weeping. Greece! ~~Tower~~ thine,
If insult could but sting thee into life,—
To win thyself again a flame divine,—
A name with deeds of noble daring rife:
Stand forth alone, tremendous in the strife,
Nor rest till Freedom feels thee at her shrine.

R

22

To Sleep—

Oh! Come thou goddess of forgetfulness—
Come to these weary Eyes:— Heart-soothing sl
Teach them to cease, but for awhile, to weep;—
And bring oblivion to my bitterness:—
Sorrow with thee is silent,— Thought is less
And the chain breaks, that is round Fancy twine
Fancy may revel in a dreaming mind,
And lead it gently out of its distress.
Let her to night, in thy calm quietness,
Bear me to some fair Islets leafy bowers;—
Let me be feeling the Sea's mirthfulness,—
The spray that wantons in its silvery showers:—
Or may my feet a streamlets margent press,
Where the grass trembles round unfading flow

R

I had a dream of tears — so like to Truth
That I was full of anguish as I slept; —
And ev'n when waking from that dream, — I wept
At what was past, as if 'twere mine in sooth: —
And mine it was! My thoughts refuse to fly, —
They watch, the while my eyes with sleep are blind; —
And darkly falls upon my troubled mind,
The back-flung shadow of a woe gone by.
But I would not forego this dreaming grief,
For fancies of a cloudless happiness; —
Amid my very tears I find relief,
For these spring Images of tenderness,
Which throng around my heart — and gently rest
A mellow'd memory of the days long past.

K

27

She was so fair — so delicately fair —
That as I gazed, my love of womanhood
Grew purer; and I felt within my breast.
The deep and silent feeling of delight,
That gather'd strength from stillness. Life & Hope
Seem'd in her very eyes to play: — and Peace
Sat calmly on her brow, as on a throne.
The sweetness of her heart dwelt on her lip,
And made her cheek more fair, — as morning beams
Add beauty to the Rose. Her voice to me
Breath'd as a melody of Heaven, and seem'd
Fresh from the very soul — That home of Feeling!
Her image was my bosom's dearest hope —
She was so fair — so delicately fair! —

K

28

To Wordsworth

Oh Wordsworth! when my heart hath been oppress'd
With many griefs and all the world look'd sad,
To thee I've owed a mild return of Rest,—
And of young Hope, soft-Smiling, thou hast clad
My heart in quietness, and given my breast
Aproneness to be gentle, if not glad.
Long in thy mountain Solitude may'st thou
Live happy! Peace the guardian of thy hours!
And may the roses and the jasmines flowers
Creep kindly o'er thy Cot, and fragrance throw
To the free air, that best of heavenly dowers!
May sound of green leaves rustling on the bough,—
And song of birds — and distant waterfall,—
Cheer thee; and pure affections blend with all.

K

30

To Spenser.

Ye that have hearts vex'd with unquiet thought
Of worldly grievance, and of lost delight; —
Oh! turn to Spenser's fairy tale, — so fraught
With all that's wild and beautiful and bright, —
And revel in the fancies he hath wrought —
Fancies more fair than May, or morning light —
Or solitary Star awake at night —
Or breath from lovers lips in kisses caught.
Sweet Spenser! how I love thy faery pages, —
Where gentle Una lives so radiantly; —
Fair is thy record of romantic ages,
And calm and pure the pleasure which it yields
While Life and Thought are with me, - Thou shalt be
My dear companion in the silent Fields.

K

32

To my Friend B. B.

We both are lovers of the Poets old!
But Milton hath your heart — & Spenser mine;
So let us love them! — You the fairy divine —
And I the tale of times gallant and bold.
Still gaze on flowery Eden, & beheld
The tresses of fair Eve roll down & shine
Over her ivory neck, like streams of gold; —
While her white hands the straggling roses twine
Through the green bowers of paradise. Let me look
At the romantic land of Faiery! —
See there sitting by a shady tree, —
And throngs of Satyrs near a crooked brook,
All dancing in a round; and daily see
In arbour pass sylvanus lying drowsily.

Dec. 6 - 1816

R.

34

Ye! who do love to hear of mossy places,
O'creanopied with leaves, - where poets lean,
Dreaming of olden times, and quaintly graces, -
And of the music, whose air-winged form is seen
Hovering for aye, over Castalian flowers, -
And "dapper elves" met in the yearly moon's sheen,
Dancing delightedly, - and of still bowers,
Wreathed up with laurel branches close & green:
Ye, who would hear, listen to him who told
The story of young lovers, lonely and sweet,
Who read together in a fair retreat -
And for their hapless perished. Bards of old,
Of song more rich and sylvan never wove,
Than that Italian tale of fatal love!

R